SUPPLEMENT.

MALCONTENTS.

A STORY FOR AMERICANS.

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CHAPTER I.

FIRES ARE KINDLED.

"Where there is work for the hands of men there will be work for their teeth. Where there is employment there will be bread."—DANIEL WEBSTER.

A monday sun, bright and uncompromising, shone down upon the blackened chimneys of a Pennsylvania town some fifty years ago. It pierced the heavy smoke of the furnaces that rose serpent-like to join the white clouds in the sky above; it penetrated every crack and crevice of the labor-stained, unpicturesque buildings, stretching far across the valley, and then, in gentler mood, crept up into the shadow of the hills and rested upon the figure of a fair young girl who stood gazing dreamily at the scene below.

She had removed her hat and, pushing back the damp curls from her forehead, lifted her head to catch the warm beams as they fell.

"How like summer it seems, Joe. Oh, to be out under the sky upon such a day seems a taste of heaven!"

Her companion, a stalwart young man whose face were an habitual sullen frown, lifted his eyes a gentle softening his heavy features as his gaze met hers.

"Yar, Meg, ye was born for the sunshine and curse them as ban shut ye from it, aye!"

The monday bells rang out shrill and clear as he spoke and, ere they ceased vibrating, the streets of the town below grew dark with hurrying teeming life.

The girl turned with a laugh: "Well, I must be going, Joe. Look how all the hands are hurryin' and you and me a-idlin' like the richest of the land."

"Biet, Meg, little time do yer and me get to breathe, let alone to idle. Ye mo'er would have had mile ha' day, ha' for the Gaffer's bad turn. Rich folks have fine hearts!"

She stopped him with an impatient gesture.

"Joe Bartle, it's not me that will listen to such talk, for it is false and you know it! Why 'twas only yesterday, after grandfather's bad turn, that Miss Ethel called and offered us money. We didn't need the money, thank God, but I bless her for her kind thought for us poor folk just the same!"

Joe Bartle gave her a quick, suspicious glance.

"They offered ye their money, eh? Well, if they did they are our natural enemies just the same, and, if ye live long, ye'll know it as well as me. What do we toil and sweat all day for but to fix up grand places, like them up yonder, with gim cracks and tom foolery, and to buy carriages for yer Miss Ethels to drive in? Next they'll be for putin' their fine horses out to pasture and will have the men up from the works a drawin' them around!"

He shook himself impatiently, as though he already felt the curb at his mouth and the lash stinging his shoulders.

Margaret Gwynne looked regretfully at him.

"You needn't fear me, Joe, for I haven't no carriage, nor if I wanted to drive, I guess walkin' will do for me."

"Meg, don't be a hurryin'," he urged, placing a detaining hand on her arm and then instinctively removing it. "I'd be yer slave, let alone yer horse, if ye'd but speak the word, and ye know it, Meg, I——"

"No, now don't, Joe," interrupted the girl, hastily. "We'll not be the good friends we are, if you speak again as you did last week, and that would be a pity after we've growed up boy and girl together."

"Well," he acquiesced, "if I must, I must, I suppose, but ye won't go to keepin' company with any one else, will ye, Meg?"

She laughed merrily at the thought; then a glance at his desperate face sobered her.

"What an idea, Joe; I want naught to do with company. I like you well, but I do not care for love."

"Ye will some day then," he remarked sententiously, an' I can wait."

They had reached Margaret's home, a low roofed cottage, and paried at the door.

An old man, lying on the bed near the fireplace, turned his head with a peevish scowl as the girl entered.

"Happen as how ye'd never come, Meg. Mistress Ethel sez as the bow gue ye a ha' day off and it's far past the noon."

"I started before the bells rung, grandther," returned the girl soothingly, "but it was so hot and the road was so rough that I stopped to rest a bit."

"That's the way, always the way," muttered the old man, "Nae rest can I get with the pain, but little the young 'uns care!"

Instead of answering Margaret prepared their simple meal and soon coaxed him into a better humor.

The day was a sultry one for the season and toward evening the clouds thickened and threatened rain.

Margaret, outside the door in the early twilight, watched the lights as they one by one flickered into life in the town far below.

As she turned to go in a pleasant voice behind her asked:

"Good evening, Margaret; and how is our patient?"

"Oh, Mr. Fletcher, is that you? Grandfather is better, thank you, sir. I will go back to work in the morning."

"That is good. Here are some books Ethel asked me to leave on my way to town. She wishes you to study what she has marked, and to come up to-morrow evening."

Margaret courteseyed, without speaking, and, with a pleasant "Good night," he was gone.

The girl stood for a moment where he had left her, the books pressed to her bosom, then went within and, sitting by the lighted lamp, raised one of the volumes to her lips.

The fire grew dim on the hearth, the shouts ceased in the valley below, and the town slept, and still she sat there, studying far into the night.

Ethel Fletcher was a young woman of ideas. She had faith in the superiority of her sex and was willing, at much personal inconvenience, to elevate any poor girl whom she thought might be benefited by her assistance.

After a girlhood spent abroad she had returned to her native town to find many of her brother's employees in need of assistance, and becoming acquainted with them and their wants, gave freely, yet wisely, of her abundance for, although controlling a large income, she felt responsible for its expenditure.

Margaret Gwynne' youth, she was then barely fourteen, exceptional beauty and ignorance had from the first strongly attracted the heiress, and for three years she had been working out, upon this most willing subject, some of her favorite theories of education.

Margaret had become a frequent and welcome visitor at the grand house on the hill. She repaid Miss Fletcher's interest with a devotion amounting almost to idolatry, and already at the factory discontented murmurs had arisen as to the marked favoritism shown Meg Gwynne by Mr. Fletcher, the master of the works.

CHAPTER II.

POLITICS OF '44.

"This whole country, with one voice, demanded to have inserted in the Constitution the power to enact protective legislation, a power which they held as another declaration of independence—a power by which we are able to protect all our children of labor. This power must not be surrendered, must not sleep, until the Union flag shall be hauled down from the last masthead—a sight which, I trust, neither we nor our children to the thousandth generation, are doomed to see."—RUFUS CHOATE.

It was now nearing a critical point in the history of our country and party feeling ran high. The Democratic National Convention of 1844 had reaffirmed in their platform their opposition to protection and their endorsement of practical free trade. Under the protective tariff of '42 protection had returned to the States, and prosperity of every kind had become immense. Labor was in demand, farmers enjoyed large crops and wages were high. Why, then, should the people demand a change?

Thorpe Fletcher had reopened his large factories, giving employment to hundreds of hungry men and women, and, as employment in this free country means health and happiness, contentment, like a benediction, had settled upon the town where Fletcher lived.

Beaumont, the home of the Fletchers, built in early Colonial style, stood upon a hill high above the factories, and commanded a magnificent view of the country for miles around. It had been forsaken and closed during the disasters preceding the commercial panic of 1837, Thorpe Fletcher's father having chosen to live with his family abroad rather than risk his wealth in an unequal competition with English manufacturers.

After ten years of life in European capitals, Thorpe Fletcher and his sister had returned orphaned to their childhood's home, a deep and patriotic love for Republican principles and institutions in their hearts, in spite of the long and careful training given them by their father in the political economies of Europe.

One evening, during the excitement of the campaign, Thorpe Fletcher stood upon the piazza at Beaumont talking eagerly with two other gentlemen. Turning to one he exclaimed:

"It is an abominable deception, Peyton, and you men of the South should blush for it!"

The gentleman addressed flushed slightly but made no reply. His finely cut, thoughtful face looked more than usually grave as he turned his gaze from the illuminated sky at his friend's excited words.

"How so-called men of honor can countenance such fraud, I cannot comprehend," Fletcher continued, angrily. "Why, that ticket ought not to deceive a child, yet I feel convinced that the workingmen of this State will be blinded by it, in spite of our efforts to unmask the duplicity of its politic leader. James K. Polk voted against the Tariff of '38, declared against our present tariff and has always steadily opposed protection. Yet read his celebrated Kane letter, Talleyrand himself could not better use language to conceal his true thoughts. His silence seems to be to convey to us Pennsylvanians the impression that he favors protection, while in fact he says nothing of the kind. To help along the shameless fraud the Democrat have placed on the ticket, as Vice-President, our own statesman, George Dallas, a professed protectionist but we manufacturers well know where he will stand in the day of trial."

"If James Polk proves to be the double-faced candidate you fear, and George Dallas true traitor to the policy he professes," exclaimed Peyton, a flash of anger illumining his quiet eyes, "then will I no longer boast of Democratic honor or Democratic principle. I will look into this matter, Fletcher, and be assured that no vote of mine shall ever be used to further a lie and perpetuate a national disgrace! Truth first and always, in politics as in religion, is my creed, and if that is heredity, then do I thank God for my forefathers!"

The two men clasped hands and their companion, a blonde-bearded Englishman, threw a half smoked cigar upon the lawn and joined in the conversation.

"How horribly in earnest you Americans seem over these frequent elections of yours. Really now there is no ground for a quarrel, is there? Free trade ten ton the ticket, and I've generally noticed that the trouble is about that in this country. Here you have a model nomination—Polk, the idol of Southern statesmen, and Dallas, a staunch supporter of your pet tariff and a beloved son of your own State. I hear your people in the town shouting: 'Polk, Dallas and the Tariff of '42' continually, and what more can you manufacturers ask, Fletcher?"

"Well, Ogilvie, speaking of that tariff," said Peyton, "I agree with Fletcher as to its beneficent effects. The prosperity of our country is due to that and that alone. Remember our past free trade or very low tariff periods of 1785, 1816 and 1832; look at our laborers vainly seeking work while their families starved, our farmers without a market, their produce rotting, while their lands, rich with harvest, were sold for taxes, and our manufacturers obliged to go abroad in order to live. Such have always been the results of free trade periods, and if the tariff is threatened I, for one, will never support so unpatriotic a policy."

"Well," drawled Ogilvie, "we English maintain that you Americans should confine your attention to tilling the soil, don't you know; that the climate of this country is not fitted for manufacturing. Your great American statesman, John Randolph, declared years ago that manufacturing was a curse to the nation, and many of your best men of to-day agree with him. Mr. Walker was saying to me a short time since that if all restrictions were removed from agriculture, with your fertile soil, you could feed and clothe the people of the world, and I believe him."

"Yes, most Englishmen are in favor of Walker's free trade theories," answered Fletcher, "and I cannot say that I blame them. It is the old cry of the cotton king and foreign manufacturer, and should be resented by every honest, patriotic American citizen. Agriculture would only be of sectional benefit, and all statesmen know it. Manufacture alone can make us what we are destined to be, the greatest nation in the world; and in order to manufacture we must maintain our present tariff, for that only can give to us variety of products, a home market, and decent wages for our workmen."

"Oh, you manufacturers are too narrow; you cannot take a reasonable, cosmopolitan view of things," yawned Ogilvie. "I positively fail to see how you can rouse yourself so over this election. It looks to me as though you had things all your own way and that party lines had melted away."

"Ah, if I could but believe it," sighed Fletcher, "but I know my men too well. I can respect an honorable foe, but a treacherous one I will fight with my dying breath! Why, Colonel Ogilvie, if the Democratic cry is indeed for the tariff of '42, are you Englishmen so busy over here spending time and money upon an election which, if it succeeds, only means commercial disaster for Great Britain?"

Col. Ogilvie's blonde face grew red at this question, and an angry retort arose to his lips, when a gay voice from within checked his words and turned the general attention that way.

Ethel Fletcher, in dinner costume, stood in the lighted doorway. She was a young woman, with a fair, intellectual face, and a smile that dwelt in one's memory. Tall, graceful, and with a self-possession partially the result of foreign training, she was a fitting representative of the earnest, cultured American womanhood that has since won for itself a first place in the recognition of the world.

"Come, gentlemen," she said, sweeping them a curtsey, "dinner is served, and, as you well know a political quarrel can be taken up at any time, whereas a dinner cannot; so please follow me and save your arguments for postprandial exercise."

CHAPTER III.

A DEMOCRAT OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

"Providence has filled our mountains and our plains with minerals, and given us a climate and soil for the growing of hemp and wool. These ought to have extended to them adequate and fair protection, that our manufacturers and laborers may be placed in a fair competition with those of Europe. It is time we should become a little more Americanized, and instead of feeding the paupers and laborers of England, feed our own."—ANDREW JACKSON.

After the gentlemen were seated at the table, the conversation turning upon certain past events in our history, Miss Fletcher, fearing another discussion on party issues, took the subject in hand herself:

"Speaking of past mistakes, Mr. Peyton, I do not see how we can blame our ancestors for them. No man is ahead of his time."

"You are right, Miss Fletcher, for nature makes no leaps. It has taken centuries for man to stand where he does to-day. We cannot pass at a bound from the savage to the statesman, for thousands of years of intellectual development lie between. We must learn to walk."

"It is so much easier to labor than to wait," said Miss Fletcher. "This talk about future generations seems so hopeless, so far away. I am human enough to want to gather the harvest I plant."

"I have that feeling myself," answered Peyton, "I find working for man's advancement impossible unless I buckle on the shield of Faith, as St. Paul directs. Human development is so slow while the patience to work for it and to wait for it is divine!"

Ethel Fletcher studied Maurice Peyton's rather plain face, as he spoke, and wondered wherein lay the charm of this man's personality.

Col. Ogilvie with his florid complexion, perfect features and well bred manner, testifying to his noble Saxon lineage, and her brother were handsomer men, as the world would judge, yet would she change the finely cut, beardless face beside her, for either of these?

Maurice Peyton, philanthropist and Christian teacher, had sprung from good old Virginia stock. Inheriting a large number of slaves he had, upon gaining his majority, freed them, and because of this and certain bold utterances from his pulpit, had found himself socially ostracised in the conversative city he had made his home.

He had dared call his slaves brothers, had opened a school for their benefit and had even encouraged their entrance into the fold of the fashionable church over which he presided.

All this had roused the caste feeling of the times. Vague murmurs grew into muttered threats and he was finally requested to resign his charge and advised to seek a field of labor elsewhere.

The desire to study life in the Industrial Northern States caused him to close up his affairs and prepare for an indefinite absence from his Southern home.

Col. Ogilvie glanced curiously from Peyton to Miss Fletcher as they talked apart, and half lost the meaning of what Thorpe Fletcher was saying.

He now turned from Fletcher and addressed his sister:

"Miss Fletcher, you should plant some of our European ideas in these small towns of yours. You Americans need more cosmopolitan training; you are too narrow."

Miss Fletcher smiled.

"I cannot agree with you, Col. Ogilvie. The trouble is that, as a nation, we are not independent enough of monarchical traditions."

"The idea being," laughed Peyton, "that we wish to cherish individuality in this country, and to copy no other people on the face of the earth. Who has said that 'a narrow orbit is favorable to a powerful individuality?' There is a world of truth in it for too much space is fatal to concentration of thought or purpose. As individuals we work better by not exhausting our vitality upon too many duties. If we live for others, is it not wiser to have the number limited? Only Christ could hope to save all."

"I agree with Mr. Peyton," said Miss Fletcher. "I have purposely curtailed my own work, for I have found that by doing a little I do it well."

"What do you say to those philosophers, Miss Ethel, who condemn your womanly mission?" smilingly inquired Col. Ogilvie. "You know there are those who contend that your harmless, pretty charities are destructive forces undermining society, and that, *la chatelaine*, with her white hand, is sowing the seeds of future pauperism and misery."

"It is easy for those who are not hungry to be philosophers," answered Miss Fletcher. "Away from individual suffering it is very comfortable to sit and theorize about the race. How few men or women would be philanthropists did not Lazarus beg and lie at the very doors of their home? We cannot go abroad without being tormented by a sight of his poverty and physical tortures. God has given me a heart to pity his misery, and if I did not use my wealth to aid him I know that some day at the bar of heaven he would cry out against me, and justly, too. I cannot make over the world or fight great social wrongs. In the future I think Woman will be strong enough to do so; but now, as I stand doing the little good I can, no vain philosophy shall deter me or rob me of the blessed happiness of giving."

Ethel Fletcher looked so beautiful, with the light of generous impulse warming her gray eyes and coloring her cheek, that Col. Ogilvie could scarcely repress a declaration of his admiration then and there.

He had come to America for political reasons, but an ulterior motive had urged him to the town where Ethel Fletcher lived. The absence of a fair, well-known face had left the gay cities of Europe desolate for him and he had decided, during this trip to the United States, to see her at her own home, and there lay his fortune and prospective title at her feet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FREE-TRADE SAMBO—Fo' de Lo'ds sake, don' shoot, aunty! I's a Free-Trader, I is, and was only 'plyin' Free Trade to dat melon.

PROTECTION AUNTY—You nigger, fork eber de price ob dat melon quick, or dere'll be a free funeral 'roun' dese diggin's. I believes in Protection, I dose.

MYTHICAL MARKETS OF THE WORLD.

Even if We Could Capture Them They Would Not Amount to Much.

What and where are the great markets of the world, for which the Free Trader would give up our splendid home market?

The following table shows the purchases of the whole world in 1892, according to that eminent Free Trade statistician, Michael G. Mulhall:

	Million $		Million $
U. K.	977	Canada	111
France	813	Australia	400
Germany	907	South Africa	43
Russia	186	Mexico	38
Austria	233	Central America	14
Italy	275	South America	217
Spain	141	West Indies	34
Portugal	52	India	285
Sweden	77	China	126
Norway	43	Japan	53
Denmark	72	Java	68
Belgium	298	Persia	34
Holland	845	Egypt	34
Switzerland	140	Algeria	64
Greece	12	Cuba	48
Roumania	65	Other Countries	194
Servia	9		
Bulgaria	14		7,833
Turkey	97		

Here are the buyers of the whole world. Now, which of these does our Free Trader expect to capture by his "fewer cost of production?" Even the abiding faith of an American economist cannot hope for greatly increased sales of the products of American mills in the shadow of English factories, as Great Britain and its 1,977 millions may be eliminated. Next subtract France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, Spain and Portugal, Belgium, Canada, Switzerland, Scandinavia and Australia, all of which are Protected countries, whose policy is to preserve for their own manufactures a monopoly of the domestic market. The Protectionist law makers of these countries will see to it that no very extensive "capture" of their markets are made by the United States or any other country. There remains then as the only part of this great world's market of 7,833 million dollars only 1,698 millions for which we can even hope.

Well, what are our prospects for obtaining this remnant? Holland, the most liberal buyer, exports nearly as much iron and steel of all kinds as it imports. As for textiles, it usually exports quite as much as it imports of them and sends to England three times as much as it takes of British products. India is beginning, with the help of its extremely low wage rate, to supply its own demand for manufactures and will soon be a dangerous competitor in these "markets of the world." Cottons are the principal manufactured goods needed in the Orient and it is altogether probable that the demand of China, Java and Japan will soon be abundantly supplied with Oriental cottons at so low a rate that competition by either England or the United States will be out of the question. Turkey, Africa and the "other countries" have but few wants, and those are for the most part such as we could not supply.

Thus do the "great markets of the world" disappear under careful examination and analysis. Even if the whole $7,833,000,000 which represents the entire purchases of the world's "neutral" market were offered to us in exchange for our domestic market we could not afford to accept. Our home trade is at least ten times this amount annually. All its profits are kept at home, and the risk of distant ocean transportation is reduced to a minimum. Its benefits and blessings are incalculable, and it will be a dark and dismal day when this splendid birthright is bartered away for that miserable mess of pottage, "the world's neutral markets."

Canadians Pay the Tariff.

The committee appointed by the Senate to investigate the effect of the new tariff on trade with Canada visited Detroit, Michigan, September 18, 1891, and gives in its official report the following dialogue between its chairman and residents of Detroit:

Senator Morrill.—Mr. McDonough, what is the effect of the tariff on importations generally in this city—has it increased the price to the consumer?

Mr. McDonough, [Chief Clerk of the Custom House.]—That question may be answered as satisfactorily by citing an importation of eggs received at this port to-day, the foreign value of which was 10 cents per dozen, as against 15 cents per dozen one year ago, while the selling price in this city to-day is 17 cents per dozen, as against 17½ cents per dozen a year ago, thus illustrating the fact that the duty of 5 cents per dozen imposed upon eggs by the McKinley Tariff is paid by the foreign producer and not by the consumer.

* * * * * *

Senator Merrill.—I am anxious to know the amount of business done here, etc., and I would like to know Mr. Joslyn, anything that you can communicate to us on the subject of prices on this side of the line and upon the other.

Mr. Joslyn [United State Consul at Windsor].—Detroit is the market for at least 95 per cent. of the products of Windsor [in Canada, across the river from Detroit], and the Detroit market price will govern anything that is sold in Windsor. What it will cost to remove the goods comes out of the original producer. There is one thing that has come under my observation: A farmer in Canada gets, say, 500 or 600 bushels of beans and watches the Detroit market, and when it goes up a few cents ships them in. The purchaser here in Detroit will pay the freight and duty and will deduct that from the agreed upon price and remit the balance to the dealer. That is how a great deal of trade is carried on. With reference to horses, it would be a difficult matter to state the exact effects, but I can state that it has reduced the price of horses in Canada at least from 15 to 20 per cent.

Protection—What Is It?

That system of Tariff legislation which levies duties on imports such as are adequate to establish and maintain industries, insuring high wages to laborers, is called PROTECTION.

The amount of Protection needed is determined by the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad.

For instance: If, because of high wages here, it costs $30 to produce a ton of steel rails, and because of low wages it only costs $22 in England, then steel rails need a duty of about $10 a ton to keep our mills open and to protect our own workmen from the low wages abroad.

Again, if it costs seventy cents a bushel to raise barley here and only forty cents a bushel in Canada, then barley needs Protection to the amount of thirty cents a bushel.

If a duty is imposed on any article less than the difference in the cost of production, it cannot be Protective. Twenty cents per yard might be a Protective duty on a grade of cloth, while eighteen cents per yard might not be Protection at all.

A Protective Tariff system not only means high duties on some things, medium duties on others, and even low duties on certain articles, but it means no duty at all on such things as we cannot produce or manufacture in sufficient quantities for our own use.

On tea and coffee, for instance, we levy no import duty, for we cannot raise them in this country.

And raw sugar, too, we admit free of duty, for we have not yet developed the industry sufficiently to supply our own people. So, instead of a duty a bounty is given.

A Protective Tariff, therefore, besides being a source of revenue, develops and maintains our agriculture and innumerable manufacturing industries; it enables us to pay our laborers high wages, thereby insuring a home market of several times greater value than the whole world's markets combined; it keeps hundreds of millions of dollars in the country that would otherwise be sent abroad to pay for things we can raise and manufacture ourselves; it incites to wealth; it enables us to live better, eat better food and wear better clothes than our other nation; it enables us to keep our wives at home instead of in the fields or in the mills; it enables us to educate our children; in short, it makes us the most prosperous, most contented and happiest people on the face of the earth.

Pertinent Questions Answered.

Is our internal taxation an infringement upon my rights?

No more than direct taxation would be. If we abolish indirect taxation, direct taxation must take its place. For we must raise money somehow to defray the numerous expenses of the National Government. Direct taxation would fall most heavily on land owners, as state, county, town and school taxes, which are collected directly, now do. Above all classes farmers do not want a change to direct taxation.

In what way does the tariff benefit farm laborers who work by the month?

It keeps the swarms of laborers in the cities employed in factories and elsewhere who otherwise would descend on the country districts in countless numbers, each in search of a job. Cultivating the land is the ultimate refuge of men when they are driven from other employments. With three men looking for one job on every farm in the country, how would the farm laborer fare?

The Free Traders say that it is a man's natural right to buy and sell wherever he will, and to insure it with 100 per cent. by placing a duty on imported goods is unjust. Is this true?

We shall answer this question by quoting the words of Prof. R. T. Ely, one of the most prominent economists in the United States. In his book on political economy, Prof. Ely, who is not a Protectionist, says:

"It is frequently alleged that Protective Tariffs are a violation of an assumed natural right of every man to buy his goods where he will and to sell his product wherever he sees fit, unencumbered by human laws. This argument, based on natural right, may be dismissed as a 'dogmatism in disguise,' as an English jurist calls this sort of reasoning. High sounding phrases are substituted for argument, and under their cover opinions are thrust upon others without a real effort to substantiate them. Now prove the natural right? It does not appeal to the majority of mankind as a thing right in itself to buy and sell where one pleases, regardless of the common weal, and all history is against such exaggerated claims of individualism. It appears to most men that the public welfare must decide questions of this nature. Protection is thus called robbery, because it violates an assumed natural right. It is much to be desired that arguments of this sort should cease to be heard so frequently."

What is the difference between admitting pauper labor free, or admitting the product of that labor?

The products of labor flow freely from places in obedience to the least change or difference in price. Labor, which is man, is bound to his native soil by ties of kindred and association which will keep him at home in spite of very alluring inducements held out in a foreign land. The difference is precisely that between an insensate bale of cloth and a sentimental, thinking human soul. A great difference in wages may exist between this country and France, yet Frenchmen will prefer, as they actually do prefer, to stay in beautiful France at less than half the American wages. Human nature itself prevents a leveling of wage rates in the two countries. It is altogether different with the products of that French labor, which neither feel nor think. If there were no Tariff to prevent, they would flow to this country in a deluge so long as prices here were a half of one per cent. (less the cost of transportation) higher here than in France. The result must be a leveling of wage rates of the labor employed in producing the goods in the two countries. By preventing this leveling competition of products the Tariff prevents a reduction in American wages even though labor is admitted free.

Why is the Democratic party so opposed to a Protective Tariff?

All men and even animals fear and hate whatever they do not understand. A horse not broken to the presence of a grist mill, a buzz saw, a threshing machine or a locomotive fears and hates it. He will smash everything to which he is attached to get away from it. He does not know that each of these things is doing more rapid and effective work toward feeding and sheltering him and his owner than he can possibly do himself. The buzz saw cuts out the boards which make his stable, the locomotive draws to distant markets the crops which he draws only to the depot, the threshing machine separates the grain he eats from the straw, and the grist mill furnishes bread to these who feed him. All are as beneficent to him as his master's most kind caresses and far more efficiently serviceable. He hates them simply because he does not understand them and thinks fanciful dangers or cruelties are connected with them. The restive horse wants the locomotive, the buzz saw the grist mill and the threshing machine all repealed, because he hears their clatter, but his reason is too single and simple to comprehend their utility. As the Democratic party gets broke to the Tariff is distinct it less. The cure is to hold its nose right to the Tariff until it quiets down.

What more in the way of a tariff plank could the importers and British manufacturers ask of the Democratic party? There is no protest now for any delay of the campaign funds expected from the sources named.

If John Bull is not satisfied with the tariff plank of the Chicago Convention, he must be hard, indeed, to please.

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